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FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

A NUT TO CRACK.

There was an old woman who lived in a hut
About the size of a hickory nut;
The walls were thick and the ceilings low,
And seldom out doors did the old woman go.

She took no paper, and in no book
Of any sort was she seen to look;
Yet she imagined she knew much more
Than man or woman had known before.

They talked in her hearing of wondrous things,
Of the dazzling splendor of Eastern Kings,
Of mountains covered with ice and snow
When all the valley lay green below.

They spoke of adventures by sea and land,
Of oceans and seas by a cable spanned,
Of buried treasures; but though she heard,
She said she didn't believe one word!

And still she lives in her little hut
About the size of a hickory nut,
At peace with herself, and quite content
With the way in which her days are spent.

Little it troubles her, I suppose,
Because so very little she knows;
For, keeping her doors and windows shut,
She has shriveled up in her hickory nut.

And you, my dears, will no longer grow,
If you rest contented with what you know;
But a pitiful object you will dwell,
Shut up inside of your hickory shell.

—*Josephine Pollard, in Wide-Awake.*

THE GIANT AND THE MISSING CHILDREN.

Did you ever hear the German story of the Giant and the Missing Children? It tells what happened a long time ago in a village among the mountains. One summer, there, the children began to disappear one by one. It was certain that they were not kidnaped and it was just as sure that they did not run away. The first that vanished was little Hans Stobbelt. "Has any body seen my Hans?" cried his granny, standing outside the door of her cottage. "I had just told him I wanted him to go to the miller's and he has disappeared, somehow, all at once, without knowing what the errand is. Hans! Where are you?" she shouted. "Why, he was here not half a minute ago!" But none of the neighbors could tell any thing of Hans. What is more, Hans did not reappear. The night passed, and he did not come; the next morning nothing was to be seen of him. All the neighbors were much excited, for though Hans had not been a good boy, every body was sorry at this having happened to him. While a group of them around about the grandmother was pitying her, a cry arose in one of the other cottages. Those who hurried there found Frau Hickelt standing near the hearth with her hands raised, gazing vacantly before her. "My Gretchen is gone!" she said in a frightened voice. "I just bade her clean the hearth, and when I looked again she was not there. Where is she gone?" she asked, turning from one to another of them. They could only shake their heads. In fact, they thought Frau Hickelt had gone mad. But it was quite true that Gretchen was not to be found, though they looked everywhere for her, both in-doors and out. That day three other children vanished. On the next day five went. All the village was in alarm, that is the elders were, for they tried to keep it from the children themselves. There was no certainty about any boy or girl in the place. The grown-up people had but to turn their backs, and he or she was gone in an instant.

At last a strange clew was got to the mystery. Little Augusta Hirsch vanished when her aunt as well as her mother was in the kitchen. The aunt said: "I saw her go!" At her mother's bidding she had just taken the broom to sweep behind the stove when all at once she disappeared, just as she was speaking the words "I wish ——" But she hadn't time to finish. I heard nothing more. She was gone like a flash! "That is very strange!" exclaimed Granny Stobbelt, who was one of the listeners. "Now you speak of it, the last words I heard my Hans say behind my back were, 'I wish ——'" "Those very words my Gretchen said!" cried Frau Hickelt. Indeed, nearly every body who had lost a child came forward, and each and all were able to confirm this. Two things could be made out—first that the children only went when their elders had set them to do some task; second, that in the act of of vanishing, they all uttered the words, "I wish ——" But in about a week's time the thing was carried yet a step further. "My Gustave is gone!" cried William Neumark, appearing excitedly at the gate of his little garden. "My ears are quick," as the neighors gathered round, "and I clearly heard all he said. I had bid him dig faster, and he answered, 'I wish there was no digging!'" "Why, our Hans did not want to go to the miller's," Granny Stobbelt hastened to say. "Nor," cried Frau Hickelt, "did my Gretchen like to dust up the hearth!" "It is so!" solemnly said William Neumark. "They are taken away for being discontented at there being any work to do in life. They want it all play." All the hearers grew more afraid on hearing this, and looked one at another. Scarcely a minute passed before a woman in the group said: "What great shape is that I see upon the mountain yonder?"

Every head was turned toward the Eagle Cliff, as it was called. It was a lofty rock some distance from the village, but looking right down the valley toward it. The distance was too great for things on the rock to be clearly made out, but the woman declared that she could see the form of a giant sitting there. She said he was clothed in a mantle, half blown back by the wind, and that he wore a hood on his head. No sooner did she say this than several others saw it all. Then two or three voices cried out together: "See, he is lifting his right arm and beckoning." At that instant a cry sounded from one of the houses. They knew that it meant that a child had vanished. While they were looking in amazement, the giant again raised his arm beckoningly. As he did so, there came a fresh cry—another child had been taken. The whole thing now was plain—the children disappeared whenever the giant, on hearing their complaining wishes, signaled for them. The next morning his huge shape could be seen more distinctly sitting on the rock, and, whenever he beckoned, a child went. The white-haired Lutheran minister, just as the sun was setting, came in front of the crowd and said: "Let us each to-night by our bedside pray that the children may be forgiven and restored to us."

This prayer was answered. Early the next morning, some who were watching raised a cry, saying that the children were coming back. In a long procession, the little people were seen winding down the valley. Their fathers and mothers and all the inhabitants ran to meet them. They were astonished to see how meek the returning children were. "Oh, let us get back to our work in helping you," cried out a hubbub of boys' and girls' voices. No sooner had they neared the house than the boys rushed into the gardens, and snatching up spades began to dig; while the girls, darting into the dwellings, instantly were busy sweeping, dusting and polishing. The explanation they all gave was this: "While we were kept inside the mountain, we were not allowed to do any thing at all, and, oh, it was so hard! The good giant said that we could not have play without work also." All looked toward the rock, but the figure of the giant was no longer to be seen. The boys and girls were much the better for his visit.
—*The Churchman.*

Effects of Baths.

An article of a very interesting and instructive nature, on the physiological action of baths, was published in a late number of the London *Lancet*. Summing up, the writer notes that warm baths produce an effect upon the skin directly contrary to that which is brought about by cold water. The cutaneous vessels dilate immediately under the influence of the heat, and, although the dilation is followed by a contraction, this contraction is seldom excessive, and the ultimate result of a warm bath is to increase the cutaneous circulation. The pulse and respiration are both quickened in the cold bath. The warm bath increases the temperature of the body, and, by lessening the necessity for the internal production of heat, it decreases the call which is made upon certain of the vital processes, and enables life to be sustained with a less expenditure of force. While a cold bath causes a certain stiffness of the muscles if continued too long, a warm both relieves stiffness and fatigue. The final effect of both hot and cold baths, if the temperature be moderate, is the same, the difference being, to use the words of Braun, that "cold refreshes by stimulating the functions, heat by physically facilitating them, and in this lies the important difference between the cold-water system and the thermal mode of treatment."

TODLEBEN, the hero of the Russian campaigns, had never seen Constantinople until he reached the headquarters of San Stefano. He is now amusing himself by making excursions and visiting all the objects of interest in the city and the environs. He is very fond of Prinkepo, and goes there often, and he and his aides-de-camp are frequently to be seen riding on donkeys up the pine-covered slopes of that island. There are a great many English children staying in the hotel, and when he finishes his dinner he plays with them and charms them all by his good humor.

Old Modes of Travel and New.

It is well to style the railroad a "common carrier," for it is the commonest kind of a carrier, and seems to have been designed for the transfer of grain and cattle. Only meditate a moment, and perceive what good times these lightning trains have utterly abolished. When that Bible youth set out to go to the home of a certain girl whom he knew, he was not whirled along toward her at the rate of 40 miles an hour, to jump out of a sleeping-car at last, poisoned by bad air and half blind with headache, and thus to meet her whom his heart had loved before it had been so badly shaken up; but, on the beautifully opposite, that Old Testament soul journeyed along at perfect leisure on foot, and had glorious visions on the way of palm-trees and of colored birds, and had full communion all along with the gentle spirit that was dwelling at the other end of the route. He carried no time-table in his pocket. There was no red check in his hat. No one came to his beating heart every half-hour to propose to him the purchase of an old magazine, or some peanuts, or some wonder in vegetable ivory. Indeed, all Nature favored his meditations and his wanderings. When at last he found the girl, just coming out to a great well in the open fields, and went joyfully toward the beauty, and, as the Bible says, kissed her, and then wept for perfect delight, he composed a picture of happy travel which no Erie or Manchester Railroad can ever equal. No cultivated lover, after reading that sacred story, could of free choice make a locomotive his companion and could kiss his Rachel at a depot.

All through the classic ages, what good times had all those who made their little visits and tours on horse or on foot! They never were in the fuss of a hurry. They chatted by the way; and when night came the company became chatters and story-tellers, and after awhile sound sleepers in good beds. Their train did not leave at 4 a. m.

Much in literature has come to us from the old modes of travel. From Homer to Hawthorne, the beloved books have been full of the wonders and romances and speculations born out of the old modes of roaming. The wanderings of Ulysses and of Æneas, the Canterbury Tales, Don Quixote, the novels of Scott, Gil Blas, Froissart are some of the names which will recall the fact that the old literature was deeply affected by the old modes of going and halting. The Wilhelm Meister assures us that when the world made short journeys each day and had no sleeping-car at night, but unpacked and unbent at a wayside inn, the heart found as much happiness and the intellect as much food as those two hungry passions can find even on a train which has hotel-car attatchment. It would often have been well for Wilhelm Meister if he could have been placed in even a freight-car, and been whirled away rapidly from his traveling theater and pretty faces; but, after making a few of these special exceptions, it must be confessed that the old mode of travel had its immense merit and its prodigious fun.

In the olden times, when scholars, philosophers, lords, ladies, and even kings and queens, moved around on horse or foot, each farmhouse was open for guests at nightfall or in case of a storm, for there was no danger that the guests would be a tramp or a band of tramps; but an absolute certainty existed that they would be a party that could play and dance and sing and perhaps eat and drink well. All German and French students set apart for travel the year or two after graduation. This travel implies a wandering over Europe on foot. Health, happiness, and information came by it. Th is large class o the better sort the railway now whirls from one hotel to another, and leaves us to suppose that the man in the highway is a vagabond or a criminal. Nobody stops now at the farmhouse except the tramp or the lightning-rod agent.

Thus might some one bring action against the railway system for damage done to old forms of human happiness and to old forms of literature. We can have no more "Tales" of the traveler. All that meeting of students and doctors and harpists and ladies and lovers at wayside inns, in the Old World and in our New World, is overthrown by the train. The literature of that old era is under the wheels of our locomotive and our sleeping-car. I do not propose personally to do any scolding or weeping, for Nature always has new buds to advance before she commands the old leaves to fall. It is some new harvest to come that impels autumn to nip with frost the old foliage. Why weep over the "last rose of summer," when that fading is only Nature's method of making room for a coming June? The human progress which is making railways is also making some new forms of literature If the fireside tales are to be disturbed, some good will take their place, and what seems lost to romance and adventure and laughter will perhaps be gained to higher forms of sentiment and philosophy.—*Prof. David Swing, in the Independent.*

The Power of Love.

Mr. Colville's niece, an estimable as well as a pretty young lady, has been visiting him for some time. Shortly after her coming a clerk in one of Danbury's leading stores made her acquaintance, and became at once her devoted attendant, very much to the delight of young Colville. The clerk is very fond of good tobacco, and smokes an admirable cigar. The portion of it that is not consumed when he reaches the house he leaves on the porch until he comes out again. The third or fourth time he did this young Colville detected the move, and lost no time in possessing himself of the luxury, with which he retired to an out-of-the-way place. When this had been done several times, and several times the clerk had secretly felt for and missed his cigar, he began to grow suspicious and uneasy. Perceiving this, young Colville awoke to the fact that something must be speedily done to counteract the smoker's discretion, and the best way to do it was to so completely involve him in the meshes of love as to make the loss of an unfinished cigar a matter of no account whatever. With this view he put himself in the young man's way at the store. The bait took.

"How's Minnie?" asked the clerk, anxiously.

"She's not very well," said young Colville.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"I don't know. I guess you know that better'n I do," answered the youth, with a facetious wink.

"I know?"

"I guess so. Oh, she's gone on you."

"Sh!" cautioned the clerk, looking around to see if they were unobserved. "What do you mean, Billy?" And he blushed and looked pleased.

"Why, you see, she's as chirk as can be when you're there, but when you ain't she's all down the mouth. She don't fix her hair, as she won't see any body, an' she goes around the house sighing, an' sets on a chair for an hour without sayin' a blamed word to nobody, but just lookin' at the wall. Then there's another thing," added the young man impressively, "she don't put cologne on her handkerchief only when you're coming. Oh, I know a thing or two, you bet," and he winked again.

To say that the clerk was too pleased and rejoiced for any thing is but feebly expressing the state of his mind. In the excitement of emotion he gave young Coville a quarter. That diplomat hastened home and immediately sought his cousin.

"Minnie," he said, "I have been up to Charley's store."

"Have you?" she said, trying to look very much unconcerned.

"Yes; and I can tell you, Minnie, he's just a prime fellow—way up. But he's gone on you."

"What do you mean, Willie?" asked the flushed and agitated girl.

"I mean jast what I say. He's gone, sure. He got me off in one corner and he just pelted the questions into me about you. By gracious, Minnie, it's awful to see how he is gone on you. He wanted to know what you're doin', an' if you're enjoying yourself, an' if you're careful about your health. He'd better be looking out for his own, I'm thinkin'."

The girl was pleased by these marks of devotion from the handsome clerk, but her heart failed her at the last observation.

"Why, what do you mean, Willie?" she asked, with considerable apprehension.

"Oh, nothing, only if he keeps agoin' down as he is of late, it won't be many months before he is salted down for good," said the young man, gloomily. "He told me the things of this world wa'n't long for him."

And young Colville solemnly shook his head and withdrew to invest the quarter.

A great happiness has come upon Charley and Minnie now. Four times a week he visits her, and four times a week young Colville pensively sits back of the fence, smoking a cigar and speculating on the joyful future opening before his cousin and her lover.—*Danbury News.*

THE total cost of the Canadian Pacific Railway is estimated at $100,000,000. The vast sum of $15,000,000 has already been expended in surveys and contracts, and all that is now to show for it, says the *Railway Age*, is some 70 miles of track from Thunder Bay, on Lake Superior, westward into the wilderness, and a few miles of track from Winnipeg, in Manitoba, eastward.

HERE AND THERE.

THE Baltimore police have been provided with muskets for use against mobs.

TURKISH baths for horses are the latest novelty in New York, and the horses like them.

NEW styles in stationery are ornamented with grotesque old English figures in color.

OF the 132 men composing the senior class at Yale this year, 58 do not use tobacco.

DRY BREAD and toast are prescribed by Miss Corson for fat persons who want to be lean.

A HORSE owned by a Nashville man swallowed a spider the other day and died instantly.

IT is said that one Indian expert with a spear can in one month deplete the best salmon-river in the world.

JOHN E. LANGDON, of Seneca Falls, N. Y., shaved off his beard, and was next day seized with lock-jaw, dying within three days.

INGRATITUDE is strongest in a coroner. You may do him every kindness, and yet you can't tell what moment he will sit on you.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A CHICAGO man has invented a kind of ink specially suitable for lovers. It remains bright for five days after use, and then fades out, leaving the paper entirely blank. Thus the most gushing of correspondence would be safe against exposure.

WM. F. SAYLER, of Pawtucket, R. I., has given $50,000 to Brown University at Providence, R. I., to be used in building a memorial hall where recitations and readings may be held. The gift is in memory of his son, who died in the college a year or two ago.

THE German Telegraph Office is employing the telephone quite extensively; 68 stations are already provided with this instrument, 41 others will have it in a few weeks, and 111 more before the end of the year; thus there will be then a total of 220 telephone stations in Germany.

A BANK-NOTE album has been made by a German inventor, the leaves of which are composed of asbestos. It is said these albums will protect bank-notes or other valuable documents to such an extent that if they are laid between the leaves and the album is closed firmly, they even remain legible after being burnt to cinders.

IT is estimated that 37,000 young women have been graduated from female colleges and seminaries this season. Just think of it! 37,000 young women with their young minds full of French conversations, mental philosophy, white pekays and deferential calculus, and not one of them that can make a green apple pie or map out a constitutional amendment for the suburbs of a pair of pants.—*St. Louis Journal.*

A PARROT created some excitement in a baggage-car on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad the other day. The cage enclosed in a paper was put on a coffin, and was soon forgotten. As the conductor and other trainmen were passing through the car they heard a sepulchral voice issuing from the coffin, crying, "Lemme out!" They thought a dead man had come to life until the bird was discovered.

THE cruelty of which a Wisconsin wife complains, in her suit for divorce, is that her husband tied her securely and shaved her head. The defense is that she bleached her black hair to lemon color by the use of acid, and that he, deeming such a thing highly scandalous, took the only means of undoing what she had done. He says that he bought a wig for her, imitating her natural hair, so that her bare head might be concealed while nature was remedying the disfiguration.

CONCERNING the so-called rain-tree of Pew, the water does not ooze from the trunk, and hardly ever falls in such quantity as to convert the ground into a swamp. The fact appears to be that the liquid which falls from the leaves and branches is produced by a multitude of circades that live on the juices of the tender leaves. This appears to be analogous to the production of honey dew from the lime tree by the agency of aphides.

A FEW dry lines in the official diary of the war now being carried on between the British and certain Kaffir tribes of South Africa, tell a story of heroism. On Monday, the 29th of April, the British made a combined attack upon the Kaffirs in and about Intaba Kandoda, and the savages were evidently getting the worst of it, when, says the diary, "a large number of women (400), belonging generally to Sevolo's, Pato's, and Edmund Sandili's people, came out of the bush. During the fighting these women threw themselves between the troops and the Kaffirs, thus enabling the rebels to escape."